

(Continued from First page)

as he ceased speaking, but the crowd parted right and left, and the chief drew his knife and stood surveying the captive. We got the word at this moment to open fire, and our ten carbines and the scout's rifle rang out as one. We rose up with a cheer and fired again and again, but after the third volley there was no longer anything in sight to fire at. The Indian ponies, grazing a little distance away, dashed off in a drove, and every warrior who could move rushed at the side of the mountain and disappeared among the rocks and thickets.

The command came galloping up, but there was no work for it. On the ground lay seven dead and two wounded Indians, with ten or twelve rifles and all their blankets scattered about. Seven of the eleven men had aimed at the chief in the first fire, and seven bullets had struck him. We turned to the scout as it was over, and he held out his hand and said:

"Howdy, boys! Some of you cut this thing and let me get a drink of water at the spring! Sort of a close shave, and it has made me rather thirsty!"

#### A SENATOR'S SUPERSTITION.

Why William B. Bate of Tennessee Never Lights His Cigar.

William B. Bate, twice elected Senator from Tennessee, never lights a cigar. He has always one in his fingers or between his lips, but no match is put to it. He is a familiar figure in the upper chamber—his abundant snow-white hair, a carefully tended moustache of the same color, his stooped form and lined face, with massive underlining jaw, making him marked in an assembly of strong personalities. His advocacy of the "dry smoke," as it is called, and his habit of twenty-five cent weeds as chewing tobacco have continued for more than a quarter of a century. A story is attached. He is the last man in the world whom one would suspect of superstition, but his avoidance of matches is due to that part of our natures and to nothing else.

He entered the war as a private when his State seceded from the Union, and rose through the successive grades of lieutenant, captain, lieutenant-colonel, brigadier and major-general. He had a taste of military life in the Mexican war and embraced the first opportunity to re-enter it. One day toward the end of the long and bitter struggle, when the two stars of the major-general were on his shoulders, his corps which was a part of the Army of Tennessee, was engaged in a battle in the mountains. At that time he was an inveterate smoker. Always cool in action, his cigar-case was as much a part of his make-up as his horse and saddle. Along toward noon, when the fire from the Federal under assault was particularly heavy and vicious, he moved up to an exposed position in order to give countenance to his men. His brother went with him. Senator (then general) Bate reached for his breast pocket and took out a cigar. He bit off the end with customary nicety, scratched a match on the back of his saddle and settled down in his stirrups to enjoy himself.

There was a shock in the air, the nameless, indefinable stir produced by the close passage of a shell or round shot, and the match within two inches of the end of the weed went out. Shrugging his shoulders and preparing to get another light, he glanced about him. His brother, who had been sitting on his horse a little to the left and in the rear, was a corpse. The ball had struck him in the chest and all that Bate saw was a mixed mass of dead flesh ten feet behind. The horse stood unmoved. The man who was alive looked at the unlighted match between his fingers. He twisted it slowly a moment and then rode to the rear for an ambulance. The cigar he held in his hand for an hour or two and slowly chewed into bits.

From that day to this he has never known what it is to smoke. Some sense of an awful danger providentially averted has been with him. It is possible that he has come to look upon the lighting of a cigar as a desecration of his brother's memory. Anyhow he does not light it. Day after day in the Senate chamber or in the corridors of the Capitol he may be seen with a cigar in his hand that is frequently carried to his lips, but it is unlit. When it is worn down to a mere end he takes another.

#### What Has Happened on Friday.

Mayflower landed on Friday. Bastille was burned on Friday. Moscow was burned on Friday. Shakespeare was born on Friday. Washington was discovered on Friday. Lincoln was assassinated on Friday. Queen Victoria was married on Friday. Battle of Marengo was fought on Friday. King Charles I was beheaded on Friday. Battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday. Julius Caesar was assassinated on Friday. Battle of New Orleans was fought on Friday. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday. Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

There is much excitement in Haiti over the American attempt to get control of Mole St. Nicholas.

Reconciliation is said to be pending between Prince Bismarck and the Emperor of Germany.

Work is progressing on San Francisco's mid-winter fair.

#### SOME ODD STORIES.

##### INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE ON SEA AND LAND.

The End of a Selfish Life—A Story That Points a Plain Moral—Dead at a Woman's Grave—The Want of Wholesome Influence.

(Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.)

There are men—and women, too—whose lives would seem to be one unbroken record of selfishness, and yet who manage to get on in the world and to win where others much better than themselves fail.

Dick Follingsby was a man of this kind. Dick and I were distant cousins and playmates and schoolmates in our boyhood. I recall as distinctly as if it were yesterday that Dick had a great habit of breaking tops, letting kites get loose, losing books and bursting the barrels of shotguns, but the things lost or injured were never his own—they always belonged to myself or to some other boy.

Whenever it came down to the division of an apple, an orange or a piece of cake—always the property of some other boy, for Dick never divided his things—he invariably managed to do the cutting and always got the biggest half. He grew up to be a fine looking fellow, though with rather a cynical expression. I remember my father, with the privilege of a kinsman, pointed out to Dick's parents on one occasion that he thought there were defects in the boy's character, but they thought his peculiarities would be the better qualified him for the calling of a merchant, which it was decided he should be.

Soon after Dick Follingsby came of age, his father and mother died, leaving him an estate that brought in about \$6,000 a year. If Dick had been left poor, I am quite sure that he would have won his way, like many men of the same disposition, and achieved a fortune, but a competency was a death-blow to his ambition. It seemed to enervate all his nobler impulses, while it intensified his selfishness.

From first to last I do not recall having heard of Dick's giving away one cent in charity or helping a man who was down from that impulse of sympathy which we often find associated with natures that are far from noble.

And yet as I look back upon his career I cannot help thinking that with proper influences about him, when his character was in process of formation, that Dick Follingsby might have been a most useful man, who in dying could look back upon a well spent life.

I recall that when we were boys of 8 or 9 years in Kentucky, that one of our chums of the same age had a pretty baby sister of about 3. Even unto this day I never see a baby with golden hair and laughing blue eyes without being reminded of Edna Davis.



A STARTLING ASSASSINATION.

"I am going to have her for my wife," Dick would say, and as he always managed to get whatever he wanted, as a child, he believed that the marriage was a foregone conclusion.

Dick was not inclined to be intellectual. So when I went away to boarding school and subsequently to college our lives parted practically, though we met often afterward, and I think after his fashion, he liked me. I know I had come to regard him with indifference, if not with contempt, for I never forgot his meanness to me when I was a boy. Indeed, and curiously enough, the more I thought of him when I was a child, the more I grew to think of him as a man.

Like all selfish men, Dick was inordinately vain, particularly of his power over women. He had many love affairs before he reached the age of 25, yet from first to last he always clung to Edna Davis, the only person in the world who seemed to have any influence over him.

Edna had grown up in fulfillment of all the promise of her childhood. I saw her last when she was but little more than 18, and, although her friends assured me that the doctors could not find any organic disease, her lilylike beauty and the evident lack of physical strength convinced me that she was not long for this world.

Little did I then think that the poor girl was dying of a broken heart and that Dick Follingsby was the cause. He had asked her to marry him, that is certain, but she refused, though she loved him from first to last, and him only.

One day when I was visiting a friend in Lexington, Ky., Dick came into my room, and pointing to the death notices in a newspaper he said hoarsely:

"Read that!"

I glanced at the notice, but was not surprised, for two days before this I had attended the funeral of Edna Davis and wondered that Dick was not there.

"It is awful!" he gasped.

"Yes, very," I replied.

"Sprang to his feet, his face the color of the ashes on the hearth, and whispered:

"She was murdered! I tell you Edna Davis was murdered!"

"Nonsense," I said.

"But it's true. And I know the murderer!"

I told him a rest would do him good and begged him to lie down.

"Yes, old fellow, I need a rest mighty bad, and I'll see that I have one. But, I repeat, she was murdered, and I know the murderer!"

Hoping to quiet him, for I could see he had been drinking, I asked:

"Well, who is the fellow?"

"Can't you think?"

"No, and I don't propose to try."

"Look at me!"

I did so.

"I am the guilty man, and I must pay the penalty," he cried. "Had I done right Edna would be living and my happy wife today, but I did wrong, and she knew it. That's why she would not marry me, though she never loved a man but me."

"Take a sleep," I suggested, "and you will feel better tomorrow."

"No," he said. "Edna's dead. She was the one thing that held me to life. I can never feel well again."

He reeled out of the room, and I supposed he had gone off to drown his woes, real or imaginary, with more liquor, and so, as he was not a pleasant subject for thought, I tried to forget him.

The next morning my host came into my room looking very much disturbed, for he, too, had been one of my childhood's playmates.

"My God!" he gasped, "this news is terrible!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"This morning Dick Follingsby was found

lying across poor Edna's grave with a bullet through his heart. And this was the end of a selfish life which, under proper guidance, might have been noble and happy.

##### One on the King.

The Atlantic cable a few months ago—April 13, 1893, to be more exact—brought to America the news that the 17-year-old son of the deposed Milan, once King of Serbia, had, with the help of the army, seized and held the throne which that royal profligate, his father, so long disgraced.

This reminds me of a story recently heard in Paris which recent events must have revived there.

Ex-King Milan succeeded in making himself talked about in Paris, as he does wherever he goes. The stories of his passion for women, wine and gambling are as numerous as they are disgraceful.

Last year the ex-king was a guest at the house of a wealthy banker. One evening, to please Milan, a game of baccarat was started, and an American lady was an interested observer of the play.

Milan's luck, as was usual with him, was very bad. He is an exceedingly superstitious man and an ill bred one, as this story shows. Glancing around after he had lost heavily on one hand, he saw the fair American and at once associated her presence with his ill fortune.

In a voice brutal and passion laden he said to the lady:

"Would you have the kindness to change your place, madam?"

"Why should I?" she asked.

"Because you are making me lose."

"How do you know?"

"It is so because I say so," he growled, then turned to his cards.

The lady smiled in a well bred way, but persisted in retaining her place, to Milan's great annoyance.

The game went on, but with the same luck. The ex-king steadily lost, and he became so excited that the cards trembled in his hands.

At length, blinded by anger, Milan sprang to his feet, and facing the still imperious lady he fairly shrieked:

"Did you hear what I said before?"

"I did," she said very calmly.

"It is you who are making me lose!"

"So you said."

"You can see that I am losing because you are behind me, yet you will not change!"

"You lost still heavier, monsieur," she replied, with a cutting little laugh, "when I was not behind you."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean," she said, with another little laugh that attracted the attention of all present, "that I was not behind monsieur when he lost his throne."

This reply floored the ex-king, who, without another word, hastened from the room.

##### Didn't Like Cats.

Only those who have examined the matter carefully have any idea of the many figures of speech in use in our ordinary everyday language. Indeed these figures are as intimately woven into the web and woof of our language as the figures in Persian rug. Even the most rigid science has to depend on figures of speech to make itself understood.

But as some people use more personal ornaments than others, so some indulge in more figures of speech, and Mr. Robb of Williamsburg, N. Y., is one of these.

Recently, when thinking of changing his dwelling, he called on a German landlord who had a number of houses to let.

Mr. Robb was shown the most desirable of these. It was a very nice residence, but it struck the prospective tenant that the rooms were rather small, and he expressed his opinion in this way:

"It's a nice house, Mr. Goldberg, but the rooms are too small. Why, in most of them there isn't room to swing a cat."

"You're not saying?" asked the landlord.

"I say I couldn't swing a cat in most of these rooms."

"Gott im Himmel! Not for you want to swing der cat in dem rooms, eh?"

"Well," laughed Robb, "I might want to, you know, and if I should there isn't room."

"I don't like things like that," muttered Goldberg. "I own dem houses dem year unt haf good tenants, but none of dem vos in dot swing cat pizness."

Robb left, but he did not return, for that evening Mr. Goldberg's son called on him and said:

"Mein fader, Muster Goldberg, he send me word to say he is going to rent dot house by a family without cats."

##### A Queer Change.

Mr. Simon Belford, recently retired, lived within hearing distance of two blacksmith shops for 37 years, yet so long as he was in active business he never knew that he had nerves, nor was he ever disturbed in the slightest by the clattering on the anvils, if indeed he ever heard them. But he has (due to think of and to be disturbed by such things now.

Just when he wants to take that second sleep in the early morning the sons of Vulcan begin their pounding, and the poor man has to get up. He attributed cotton into his ears, but without effect, and so he has come to have a positive envy of men who are born deaf.

Driven to desperation, Mr. Belford one day sent for the two rival blacksmiths, and on their appearing in his library said:

"My friends, I am getting to be an old man, I fear. Now, you two have been neighbors of mine for a long time, and I have given each of you some work." Not caring to tell them his real purpose, he went on:

"I am anxious to be of service to you both. If you two agree to set up in another shop some distance from where each of you is now working, I will give you \$500 apiece. What do you say?"

The two blacksmiths promptly said:

"Yes, sir," and were profuse in their thanks to the good man.

They left, but after two days and nights of restful quiet, which Mr. Belford enjoyed thoroughly, the pounding on the anvils began again, with greater vigor than before.

Much angered, Mr. Belford sent for the men and said, "Did I not give you money, my friends, that each of you might secure another shop?"

"Yes, sir," said one, "and so we have. I've moved into Ned Greene's shop, and he's moved into mine."

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

##### The Oldest Specimen of Glass.

The British museum contains the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. This is a little lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. Thus it is shown that at a period at least 2,000 years before Christ glass was made with a skill that indicates the art was not new.—St. Louis Republic.

##### Spanish Courtesy.

In Spain a person who seats himself at a table where there are others seated salutes them on sitting down and rising. Even when seating himself in a park or garden, near to others, he lifts his hat and repeats the courtesy when he leaves.—Kate Field's Washington.

##### A Bad Habit.

Chol—I hate to say anything ill of a dead man, but the lawyers who have been looking over Tipton's papers have brought to light things that showed him to be no gentleman.

Chap—What did they find?

Chol—Every time he loaned any money to any of the men in the club he made a memorandum of it.—Indiana Journal.

##### The Real Merit.

She (sentimental)—Which would you rather do, paint a great picture or write a great poem?

He (of the modern school)—Whichever would bring the highest price.—Exchange.

#### General Advertisements.

Pacific Hardware Co.,  
402 and 404 Fort St.



JUST RECEIVED

THE FAVORITE

Gurney Refrigerators

and Ice Chests,

CHOPPING TRAYS, BROOMS,

WASH BOARDS,

MOUSE AND RAT TRAPS,

BAILEY'S PLANES,

CARPENTER'S TOOLS,

WIRE CLOTH AND NETTING, Etc.

129 6 ft

THOS. G. THURM'S

UP TOWN

Stationery & Book Store

106 Fort Street.

Still keeps on hand a varied stock of Office, Commercial and Fashionable Stationery, consisting in part of Engraving and Legal papers and wrappers, Flat and folded Cap, broad and narrow. Bill, Statement, Journal and Ledger paper, Linen and other letter and note papers in fold or tablet form, with or without envelopes; Island View Letter paper and View Note Paper; Correspondence, Menu, Ball and Visiting Cards, etc., etc., replenishing the same from time to time and adding novelties as they appear.

Books—Besides a full line of Blank Books, in the various sizes and bindings—Time Books, Log Books, Agents' and Notaries' Records, Receipts, Note and other form books, Manuscripts, etc., in the variety of Miscellaneous Works, Teachers' and other Bibles, Children's books, Linen and other Toy Books, etc., etc., invites attention.

Special Import Orders for Books, Music, etc., made up Monthly.

News—The News Department has careful attention for prompt forwarding of all periodicals. Subscriptions entered at any time and periodicals not regularly received will be ordered as desired.

All Subscriptions Payable in Advance.

A large stock of Seaside and other libraries hand, and new Novels received by every mail. Artists' Drawing Materials, and a full supply of Winsor & Newton's oil colors, brushes, canvas, stretchers, etc., kept on hand or procured on short notice.

Albums in their several kinds, Work Boxes and Baskets, Teas and Music sets, Vases, Card Receivers, Leather Goods, Parlor games and Toys in variety, Dolls and Dolls' gummies.

Base Balls, Bats, Masks and Gloves

For all aspiring enthusiasts in the profession; all grades.

Binding—The Book Binding and Paper Ruling Department still fills all orders entrusted to it in the manufacture of special work, re-binding, plain and intricate ruling, map mounting, paper cutting and blocking, etc. Music bound with care.

Printing—Printing orders of all kinds, executed in first class manner.

In all the above in which T. G. T. has been for over twenty years identified in this city, he invites correspondence, and guarantees prompt and careful attention to all orders entrusted to him.

In making up an order, see that it includes a subscription for yourself and for one or more relatives or friends abroad to "THE FRIEND" the oldest paper published in the Pacific, Rev. S. E. Bishop, Editor, published monthly, at \$2 per annum, devoted to the religious and educational interests of these islands, as also a record of political and other current events. Sample copies mailed to any address. A limited number of advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

The Hawaiian Annual now in its nineteenth year, and acknowledged as the only the best authority on all information pertaining to the islands that residents should know and strangers invariably ask, but the only reference book of Hawaiian statistics, educational interests of these islands, as also a record of political and other current events. There are homes probably in this land in which it is unknown, except by name, and there are numerous friends abroad to whom this publication would afford untold satisfaction for the fund of reliable information it imparts in its one hundred and fifty or more pages, with nothing of the "Guide Book" gush about it. Price per copy to any address in these islands, 75 cents; or mailed to any address in the Postal Union for 85 cents each.

WILDER & CO.,

(Established in 1872.)

Estate of S. G. WILDER - W. C. WILDER

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Lumber and Coal

Building Materials,

—SUCH AS—

Doors, Sash, Blinds

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

Paints, Oils, Glass,

WALL PAPER, Etc.

Corner of Fort & Queen Streets,

HONOLULU, H. I.

Manager and Proprietor Hawaiian Fertilizing Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of

Organic and Chemical

Manures,

The Only Factory of the Kind in the

Country, and are prepared to furnish Fertilizers in Quantities to Suit Purchasers.

MADE TO ORDER.

Rotted Stable Manures,

Pure Raw Bone Meal,

Sulphate and Murate Potash,

Nitrate of Soda,

Ground Coral Lime Stone,

Laysen Island Phosphate, Land Plaster, Fish

Guanine, etc., etc., always on hand.

Send a SAMPLE ORDER and try our goods.

A. F. COOKE,

Manager and Proprietor Hawaiian Fertilizing Co.

#### General Advertisements.

Aim at the Drake

And you are bound to hit some of the ducks. This is precisely the same with

Wampole's

Tasteless

Preparation

OF

Cod Liver Oil.

It aims to cure Consumption,

Hits the Mark, too, and it most effectively breaks up Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat and Lung troubles that cause this disease.

It is natural logic to conclude that if WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL has power to prevent Consumption, it surely is able to cure these lesser emergencies.

This vigor-making, fat producing preparation is Absolutely Tasteless, in so far as Cod Liver Oil is concerned. All you notice is a delightful flavor of Wild Cherry and Anise.

But the purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil is there all the same. It is a great blood enricher. Best of all it is a natural food that in its stomachic effects, actually assists its own assimilation.

In Pulmonary or Bronchia troubles it is unequalled. No one doubts the value of Cod Liver Oil, but not every one is able to take it.

WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION removes the nauseous objection and actually makes Cod Liver Oil palatable.

KEPT IN STOCK AND SOLD BY

HOLLISTER & Co.

Druggists.

109 FORT STREET, HONOLULU.

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

Fine Watches, Diamonds

CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, Etc.

H. F. WICHMAN,

93 Fort Street,

Honolulu, H. I.

P. O. BOX 342.

General Advertisements.

General Advertisements.

General Advertisements.

General Advertisements.

General Advertisements.